

MEXICAN WILD HEMP

hen Smoked Like Opium It Has a Weird Effect.

arious Experience of a Man Who Was Supplied With the Drug While in Jail.

om the Chicago Inter Ocean.

it was during the fiestas. The party had come to the bull fights in the afternoon and was dining at the International Club, in Avenida Porfirio Diaz. When the heavy nargile cigars and little Mexican cigarettes crapped in corn shucks were brought in with the coffee the talk turned to narcotics, and in more or less interesting narrative

machine. Nearly everybody spoke on the subject at more or less length, except Hayden, who listened attentively, but said nothing. That is his way when he is sure of a story. Finally, when the subject was not talked out he said:

"Did any of you ever hear of Malajualte? Well, I have been waiting for an answer to continue. Well, Malajualte is a marijuana and once, it's the biggest drug evil of them all. The stuff comes from the dried leaves of a plant that grows in the mountains that grows wild all over southern Mexico. Its victims usually smoke it mixed with tobacco in a cigarette.

"The first time I began to boom in a certain town and I got mixed up in a law it involving the title to some Durango lots. Just before the case was to be tried I was arrested and I was thrown in and locked up in the jail, incommunicado. The second day of my enforced isolation I exhausted my own supply of cigarettes, I had to smoke my own. My only consolation was glad to avail myself of the small, unimpressing package of cigarettes that was given me the day I was thrown in and water. I noticed something peculiar about the first one that I lighted. The taste and odor were both new to me, but

shortest duration. You know how it feels when you turn over in a comfortable bed when you are dog tired, and drift off with a clear conscience into deep, untroubled, peaceful sleep. I felt that way when I smoked a cigarette that's the way I felt, with the sensation multiplied about ten times. I felt like I was floating in a warm, soft, downy sea. The floor of my cell, on which I was reclining when I began to smoke, and waited for the cigarette to be lit, seemed to rise and delightfully soothing touched me all over; the sound of distant music was in my ears; the light of the moon shone through exquisitely graceful forms, opened to my eyes, and in the midst of the comfort and beauty of it all I went peacefully to sleep.

It must have been the afternoon of the day I was released. I was awakened, for there, in a usual place, was a small flower-pot containing a full jug of water, and another package of cigarettes. I was refreshed and ready to go on. I lit the cigarette, and it soon brought me. It was the first time I had been able to relish the coarse, salty, greasy, little cigarettes. I had finished my meal. I experienced only the usual mildly narcotic effect of tobacco, the effect of the ordinary being a pungent, acrid,

the fragrance totally unlike anything I had ever experienced. I was not smoking, I was just pleasing. It was not until I lighted my third cigarette that there was a repetition of the same fragrance. I was surprised. Upon the appearance of its first symptom I stopped smoking. I was convinced that I had been deceived. I determined thereupon to smoke no more of them.

Afterwards, however, I began to be oppressed with nausea and other distressing sensations. Later my head seemed ready to burst. I was unable to get up. I was dying; my flesh felt dead, as if it was dropping off my bones; my throat was parched. I knew that I was dying. I was sure that I was dying, but I felt certain it would be purchased at the price of greater suffering later on. For hours I lay in bed, suffering and waiting to be met by my choice selection of tortures, but with the passing of each minute the pangs multiplied. At length I was informed that I was in a deeper desperation. I lit a cigarette, resolved to smoke until my suffering should become unbearable.

"With almost the first inhalation I was conscious of a dual personality. All my faculties were doubled. I felt as if I was one of those personalities seemed to be lifted out of my body, which continued to suffer and die, while I myself was free and

"How awful. In yet greater desperation I halted the pot smoke rapidly. My body kept, while the part of me that was conscious floated out of the prison. I saw myself independent of matter, time and distance.

"Therefore the drug was my master. Three or four times afterward I made weak and ineffectual struggles against it, but each time it seemed to lie in wait for me, and after a few minutes' rest I was oppressed but ten days. I was released without aid or explanation. Upon regaining my freedom I found several packages of the druged cigarettes. I had carefully saved several packages, enough to last as long as I could get away from my dismal quandary when I could find nothing like them, though I searched every cigar store in the town.

"I had no idea of the drug to which I had come as a slave.

"The third day of my release, however, I went to the front of my hotel, partially under the influence, when the strange conduct of a man across the street caught my eye. He was tall, thin, dressed in a suit and carrying a long doleful and windowless robe wall, such as is common in Mexico—

"He was trying to sink himself

It is hardly possible to describe the manner in which the crowd of men, women and children, all of whom were very careful, however, to keep their distance. I walked back to the coach and found that the driver, who was fighting off some horrible demon, which he called a "ghost," was holding the reins. The other he was caressing a little child, applying to her from time to time the expression, "My little ghost." The condition of the engine is so rich. Both the demon and the child were creatures of his own imagination. The demon was a horrible, imaginary monster, was horribly distorted with fear. The other half was smiling and laughing. The effect was indescribably weird and awful.

"The evidence of dual consciousness impressed me at once, and, under its inspiration, I took out my pocket-book and held out one of my cigarettes. He snatched it from my hand as a famished man would snatch a morsel of food. He lit it, he lighted it, and laughed and sang as he inhaled its smoke, finally sinking back into his seat, his head thrown back, his face like a mask of the bystanders who had asked me the reply was, 'To be sure, I should have said, 'ghost'."

"The condition of my brother unfortunately used me to a sense of my own danger as

had have done. I hurried to the City of Mexico and placed myself in the care of a doctor. I was in the City of Mexico for a year and what I suffered before I was a man again, is a long story. Some years ago I was in the City of Mexico and the cigarettes were supplied me by order of the office of the land suit, with deliberate intent to deprive me of any reason. That is what would have followed in a very short time, had I continued to take the drug, or had I not been supplied with the drug, I probably intended me to do. In any event, my one experience with malajuna has left me with no desire for its repetition."

A Hurry Call.

From Collier's Weekly.

A head adorned with shaggy and unmanageable whiskers was thrust out of the window, and a voice that fitted the beard quivered:

"What is it?"

"Oh, is this Mr. Higgins?" came a shrill voice from the shade of the doorway below.

"Please come to No. 414 High street, just quick as you can, and bring your instrument."

"I ain't no doctor; I'm a carpenter. Dr."

ndow came down with a slam that told of former experiences of the same kind on the part of the humble artisan.

But Mr. Higgins had not got comfortably tucked into bed before the bell rang again, and, uttering some forcible remarks, he rose once more and went to the window.

"Well, what do you want now?" he ejaculated.

"Please, sir," said the little voice, "it's you we want; pa and ma is shut up in the middin' bed, an' we can't get 'em out."